

# THE GREENVILLE ENTERPRISE.

Devoted to News, Politics, Intelligence, and the Improvement of the State and Country.

JOHN C. & EDWARD BAILEY, PRORS.

GREENVILLE, SOUTH CAROLINA, MARCH 23, 1870.

VOLUME XVI—NO. 44.

**B. WHERLE,**  
GREENVILLE, S. C.

DEALER IN  
**GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES,  
CLOCKS, JEWELRY,  
SPECTACLES,**  
18 & 20 Carat Solid Kuytal Rings,  
SILVER & SILVER-PLATED  
WARE.

WORK of all descriptions in his  
line done promptly.  
Oct 27

GREENVILLE  
**PAPER MILLS.**

THE undersigned have this day  
formed a copartnership under  
the name of  
**JAMES BANNISTER & SON,**  
For the purpose of carrying on the  
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OF  
**PAPER**  
James Bannister,  
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THE Mills are now in excellent  
order, and we are prepared to  
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**FIRST CLASS PAPER,**  
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LEY'S.

September 1, 1869. 16-1f

**NEW MILLINERY.**

**MRS. L. T. JENNINGS,**  
RESPECTFULLY IN-  
forms her friends and the  
public generally, that she has  
just received and opened a  
**BEAUTIFUL  
AND HANDSOME LOT OF FALL AND  
WINTER  
MILLINERY,**  
Which she offers at prices low and reasonable.  
Ladies before purchasing their  
**HATS, BONNETS, RIBBONS, &c.**  
Would do well to give her call, at her old  
stand.  
Oct 13 21 6m

**The State of South Carolina.**  
GREENVILLE COUNTY.

In the Common Pleas—Equity Side.  
THOMAS C. GOVER, Administrator, vs. P.  
F. SIDDUTH, et al.—Bill for Sale of  
Real Estate, to Pay Debt, &c.  
UNDER the Decreeal Order made in the  
above case, the Creditors of the Estate  
of Mrs. MARTHA LOVELAND, are required  
to establish the rank and amount of their  
claims against said Estate, before the Clerk,  
within nine months from this date.  
W. A. McDANIEL, C. C. P.  
Clerk's Office, September 25th, 1869. 9m  
Sept 29

**E. P. JONES,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
AND SOLICITOR IN EQUITY.

WILL PRACTICE IN ALL  
**COURTS OF THIS STATE**  
ALSO,  
IN THE UNITED STATES COURTS.  
Office Greenville C. H., S. C.  
July 17

**OWNES & EAST,**  
ATTORNEYS AT LAW  
AND  
SOLICITORS IN EQUITY.

THE UNDERSIGNED HAVING FORMED  
a copartnership in the practice of Law  
in Greenville and the surrounding Counties  
of Anderson, Oconee, Pickens, Spartanburg  
and Laurens, will give prompt attention to all bus-  
ness entrusted to them.  
Office at Greenville.  
G. F. OWENS. OLIE D. EAST.  
Nov 10 25

**W. K. RASLEY, G. G. WELLS**  
**HASLEY & WELLS,**  
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law  
AND IN EQUITY.  
GREENVILLE, S. C.

PRACTICE in the Courts of the State and  
of the United States, and give special  
attention to cases in Bankruptcy.  
June 13

**WATCHES, CLOCKS,  
Jewelry, Periscope Spectacles, &c.**

WILL order an extra article  
for any person. Special atten-  
tion will be given to REPAIRING  
the Gold and Silver of every de-  
scription. Best references given.  
JAMES G. BLACK.  
June 25

**WM. P. PRICE,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW  
DANLONIA, GA.

WILL practice in the County of Union,  
Dawson, Gilmer, Fannin, Union,  
Towns, Whites and Hall.  
Jan 18

**SAMUEL BLACK, BARBER.**

WOULD respectfully inform the public  
that he has removed to a room in  
the OLD COURT HOUSE, where he will  
be prepared to receive customers as heretofore.  
Being a Professional Barber, he  
hopes, by attention to business, together  
with politeness in all, to merit a portion of  
public patronage. CUTTING, SHAVING  
AND SHAMPOOING.  
Jan 20

**G. F. TOWNES, EDITOR.**  
J. C. BAILEY, ASSOCIATE

Subscription Two Dollars per annum.  
Advertisements inserted at the rate of  
one dollar per square of twelve lines (this  
also type) or less for the first insertion,  
fifty cents each for the second and third  
insertions, and twenty-five cents for subse-  
quent ones. Twenty cents will be made  
insertions. Terms of insertion must be  
inserted in all advertisements, and they will  
be inserted till ordered out, and charged for.  
Unless ordered otherwise, advertisements  
will invariably be "displayed."  
Obituary notices, and all matters relating to  
the benefit of any one, are regarded as  
Advertisements.

**Selected Poetry.**

**He Leads Us On.**  
We have seldom met with a more beau-  
tifully pathetic little poem than the follow-  
ing. There are many hearts that will enjoy  
its music and comprehend its meaning:

He leads us on  
By paths we did not know,  
Upward he leads us, though our steps be  
slow,  
Though oft we faint and falter by the way  
Though storms and darkness oft obscure the  
day,  
Yet, when the clouds are gone,  
We know He leads us on.

He leads us on  
Through all the quiet years,  
Past all our dreamland hopes, and doubts,  
and fears,  
He guides our steps through all the tan-  
gled maze  
Of sin, of sorrow, and of clouded days,  
We know His will is done;  
And still He leads us on.

And He at last,  
After the weary strife,  
After the restless fever we call life—  
After the dreariness, the aching pain—  
The wayward struggles, which have proved  
in vain—  
After our toils are past—  
Will give us rest at last.

**Original Communications.**

**FOR THE GREENVILLE ENTERPRISE.**

**Notes from the Scrap Book of an  
Old Physician of Greenville County.**

**The Irishman—Game Chickens  
and Lamper Eels.**

A raw Irishman, many years  
ago, emigrated and settled in this  
section of country. It was a com-  
mon custom, at that day and time,  
to breed and raise game chickens for  
the sport of the pit. The Hiber-  
nian was greatly pleased with  
the sport, and resolved on having  
stock of his own to pit against all  
other game of the country. To  
this end, he procured a setting of  
eggs from a party who was repre-  
sented to have the best stock in  
the country. The party to whom  
he applied, for the fun and amuse-  
ment that would most likely grow  
out of the application, furnished  
him with a setting of duck eggs  
instead of game chickens. The  
Irishman, on the hatching, was in  
ecstasies of joy and delight at the  
appearance of his game stock, and  
called in his friends and neighbors  
to look at them.

"Behold," said he, "what a  
large and broad bill they have—  
they can bite, and tear all other  
till pieces; look at what a broad  
and fat foot they have; bejabers  
all kingdom come could not trip  
them up!"

Suffice to say that he fed and  
raised his gamesters to full and  
mature age, ready, as he conceived,  
for the sport of the pit. On a cer-  
tain day, a time was fixed for the  
assembling of all who had fighting  
game stock, at a public place, to  
enter their stock and pay the en-  
trance fee to contend for the hand-  
some purse made up for the win-  
ner of the prize. Our Hibernian  
friend, with the multitude of con-  
testants, entered his stock, paying  
the required fee. On losing them,  
however, in place of the pit, they  
made for a pool of water near by,  
and put up the tune of—*quack,  
quack,* diving and playing in the  
water, to no little amusement of  
the crowd at the expense of the  
Irishman. He, however, with that  
wit and astuteness, common to this  
noble race, replied: "Bejabers  
my towels are *many fighters*—bring  
on your land lubbers and I will  
fight the ring for the prize."

On another occasion our Hiber-  
nian friend, when on a branch near  
his place, not long after his settling  
in this country, discovered a water-  
moccasin in the branch. Supposing  
it to be a lamper eel, such as  
is common in the waters of Ire-  
land, gathered it by the back of  
the neck and carried it to the  
house. The family told him that  
it was a very poisonous and dan-  
gerous snake, and that if it bit  
him he would be in danger of los-  
ing his life. His answer was:  
"Bejabers what is the danger,  
when I have been told by all you  
Americans, that if I had my boots  
on, there would not be much dan-  
ger in snakes biting, and you see  
I have them on."

A country paper advertises for  
an "honest boy a make a devil of."

**Story for the Ladies.**

**A PREVIOUS ENGAGEMENT.**

The dismal December night was  
closing, with starless gloom, over  
the spires and chimney tops of the  
city—the blinding mist of snow-  
flakes was wreathing its white  
pall over all, and the wind, mur-  
muring sadly through the streets,  
seemed to have an almost human  
wall in its moan.

"It's an ugly kind of a night,"  
muttered Mr. Terry to himself,  
as he buckled his fur closer round  
his neck. "And a wind fit to cut  
one in two. Hallo! what's this?"  
He had very nearly stumbled  
over something that looked like a  
bundle, crouching at the foot of a  
flight of steps in the shadow of a  
ruinous old brick archway; but,  
as he checked himself abruptly,  
the bundle erected itself into some  
thing human in shape and looked  
at him with wild, human eyes.

"Who are you?" he demanded,  
on the impulse of the moment.  
"Only me, sir—little Tess."

"Please give me a penny, sir!"  
cried the child, suddenly subdi-  
ng into the regular professional  
whine of her trade. "Only a penny."

"Where do you live?"  
"I don't live nowhere, sir—I  
skulk round in the alleys."  
"Oh you do, eh? and who takes  
care of you?"  
"Old Tim Daley used to, but he's  
took up."

"Took up?"  
"Sent to the Island, sir."  
"Are you a boy? or a girl?"  
(For the creature's tangled locks  
and ragged garb gave no clue to  
its sex.)  
"I'm a girl, sir."

"You ought to be ashamed of  
yourself, begging in the street,"  
said Mr. Terry, severely. "Why  
don't you work?"

As he approached his own door  
a bright child's face peeped out  
between the curtains, and as Mr.  
Terry entered the cheery sitting-  
room, he could not but think with  
a remorseless pang of the shiver-  
ing bundle of rags under the brick  
arch-way beyond.

"It's none of my business," he  
thought. "I dare say the police  
will pick the poor little elf up,  
and take her where she'll be bet-  
ter off."

But Mr. Terry's conscience was  
less adamant than he had given  
it credit for being. It pricked him  
sorely as he sat toasting his slip-  
pered feet before the bright em-  
bers—it whispered to him as he  
listened to the lullaby wherewith  
his wife was lulling the babe to  
sleep upon her breast. Had little  
Tess ever known a mother's crad-  
le song? And she could scarce-  
ly have been six years old, either.

"Where are you going, my  
dear?" questioned his wife, as he  
rose up suddenly.  
"Out into the street. There was  
a child—a child there—a little  
girl, crouching on some steps—"

"A child? Homeless? And on  
such a night as this? Oh, Herbert,  
you should have brought her here!"  
Five minutes afterwards Mr.  
Terry was out in the driving  
whirlwinds of snow bending over  
the small stray who was banded  
up just where he had left her.

"Here—child—where are you?"  
But there was no answer. Little  
Tess was benumbed and stupe-  
fied by the cold.

He lifted her up, a poor little  
skeleton wrapped in a miserably  
thin coating of rags, and feeling  
strangely light in his arms, and  
carried her home. Mrs. Terry  
met him at the door.

"Oh, Herbert, what a poor lit-  
tle starved wretch! Her hands  
are like birds, claws!"  
Charles looked on in breathless  
interest at the process of feeding,  
warming and restoring some vital-  
ity to the torpid object.

When little Tess opened her  
eyes, it was to the glow of a warm  
fire and the mellow sparkle of gas-  
lights.  
"Am I dead?" cried the child,  
"and is this heaven?"  
"Poor little creature!" said Mrs.  
Terry, bursting into tears.  
"Tessa!" her name proved to be  
—a sweet Italian synonym for the  
word "treasure," and a treasure she  
was, in gentle Mrs. Terry's eyes,  
especially after her little babe was  
dead and buried.

"How Tessa grows!" said Mr.  
Terry suddenly, on one day as  
the beautiful girl came in, rosy  
and smiling, from a walk. "Why,  
she is as tall as a grown woman!"  
"She is a grown woman," said  
Mrs. Terry, with a smile.  
"How old is she?"  
"Sixteen, day before yesterday!"  
"Is it possible!" said Mr. Terry  
thoughtfully. "How time slips  
away! Tessa's sixteen! Why, then  
Charles must be twenty!"  
"It is true, my dear," said his

wife. "We are getting to be old  
people, now!"

"I wonder what will become of  
Tessa," said Mr. Terry, musing-  
ly. "She would make a capital  
governess, her education has been  
so thorough, or—"

"Father," said Charles Terry,  
resolutely, as he walked up in front  
of his father and stood with folded  
arms. "I can tell you what will  
become of Tessa! She is to be  
my wife!"

"Charles," said his mother, when  
the angry father had jerked him-  
self out of the room, "don't waste  
your breath in arguing with your  
father. Arguments never con-  
quered yet, in such a case as this."

"But what am I to do?"  
"Have you spoken to Tess, yet?"  
"No."  
"Wait then—let matters rest. I  
will manage it."

So Mrs. Terry gave little din-  
ner parties and select soirees, and  
brought out Tessa, according to  
the regular programme. She made  
a sensation. Mrs. Terry had  
known that she would. Tessa  
was a belle—a queen of fashion.  
Suitsors congregated around her.

"Well," said Mr. Terry one  
night—he was getting wondrously  
proud of his adopted daughter's  
success in the world of society—  
"are you going out to-night, Tess?"  
"Yes, papa."  
"With whom?"  
"Colonel Randolph."

"I thought Charles had taken a  
box at the opera for you?"  
"I promised Colonel Randolph  
first," said Tessa, languidly play-  
ing with her tablet.

"And how about to-morrow  
night? I suppose Charles could  
get his tickets transferred?"  
"I am sorry, sir, but I am en-  
gaged for to-morrow night."

Mr. Terry rose and walked  
restlessly up and down the room.  
He was a man much guided by  
the opinion of his fellow-men. Tessa  
must be a treasure, else why this  
competition among the mil-  
lionaires for her society!

"Look here Tessa—Charles will  
be so disappointed?"  
"I can't help it. Let me see—"  
and she glanced at her tablets—  
"Friday is the only evening I have  
disengaged."

"Fiddlesticks!" muttered the old  
gentleman, uneasily. "It seems to  
me you're getting to be a great  
belle, Miss!"  
"Am I, papa?" said Tess, laugh-  
ing. "But you see I am your own  
little girl still."

And she gave him a little coax-  
ing kiss.  
"My own little girl—yes—but  
what will you become when Col-  
onel Randolph or Dayton L'Es-  
trange, or some other of these  
scamps takes you away from me?"  
Tessa blushed until the rose on  
her cheek was like a carnation.

"They will not, papa."  
"Won't they? I'm not altogether  
so sure of that."  
"But the next afternoon he came  
home from his office with a puzzled  
face.

"They have come, Tess."  
"What have come?"  
"The offers of marriage—two of  
'em, by Jupiter—Colonel Ran-  
dolph and Mr. Dupinier! What  
do you say, Tess?"

"I—I must think of it, papa."  
"Very gentlemanly, I must say  
—both well off, substantial fellows,  
and profess to be desperately in  
love with my girl. But, Tess—"  
"Well, sir?"  
"You won't leave us, dear?  
Think how desolate the old house  
will be without you!"  
Tessa was silent—her head  
dropped.

"Father," said Mrs. Terry, gen-  
tly, "let the girl decide for herself.  
We have no right to stand between  
her and a home and a husband of  
her own."  
"But she might have a home  
and a husband of her own here!"  
burst in Mr. Terry. "That is—I  
mean—Charles—"

"I have refused Charles to day!"  
said Tessa, calmly.  
"Refused Charles! And why?"  
"Because I have reason to be-  
lieve that his suit was pressed with-  
out the approval of his father. O  
sir! could you think, that after all  
your kindness, I could steal your  
son's duty from you! I would rather  
die!"  
"Spoken like yourself, Tess,"  
said Mrs. Terry, going to her and  
kissing her.  
"Tess, do you love him?" eagerly  
questioned the father.  
"That has nothing to do with the  
question, sir," she answered, re-  
servedly.  
"But I want to know," he insis-  
ted.  
"I do love him, sir, then."  
"And you have refused him on-  
ly because I didn't approve?"  
"Yes, sir."  
"But I do approve, Tess! It  
would make me the happiest old  
father in the world, if I could call

you both children, in real truth."

Charles Terry rose from his  
seat and came eagerly forward.  
"Tessa—dearest—you hear  
him! Once more I ask you to be  
my wife!"

And Tessa hid her face on his  
shoulder, weeping—but Tessa was  
very happy nevertheless!  
"But my love," said Mrs. Ter-  
ry, softly, "what has brought  
such a change in your sentiments?"  
"I don't know," said the old gen-  
tleman, evasively. "I say, Tess,  
what shall I tell the Colonel and  
Mr. Dupinier?"

"Tell them, sir," spoke up Char-  
ley, "that she has a previous en-  
gagement!"  
And so the mother's manage-  
ment prevailed, and little Tess's  
first home was her last.

**The Self-Manuring Capacities of  
Soil.**

The power possessed by soil of  
manuring itself from the air con-  
stitutes the real value of following,  
and this has caused the introduc-  
tion of mistaken theories, among  
which may be classed Jethro Tull's  
plan. This agriculturist had got  
hold of an idea, which was, that  
he could, by continually pulveriz-  
ing the soil, render the particles  
so fine that they would pass  
through the pores of the roots and  
enter into the structure of the plant,  
and thus do away with the neces-  
sity of manuring. It is not neces-  
sary to point out here the absurd-  
ity of such a notion, as every one  
knows that the substances extrac-  
ted by plants from the soil are in  
the form of fluid; but yet the prac-  
tice which it gave rise to was in a  
great measure sound. He obtain-  
ed crops without manure in the  
sense in which it is generally used,  
and yet not without manure in a  
scientific sense, for he manured his  
land from the atmosphere. The  
plan he adopted was to prepare  
the whole field by thoroughly dig-  
ging and forking it. The wheat  
was then dibbled in, in rows of  
three together, each row being one  
foot apart; then a space of three  
feet was left without anything  
planted in it, and then three more  
rows, and so on. As soon as the  
wheat was up, the one-foot spaces  
between the rows were forked over  
repeatedly with a fork about six  
inches wide, so that it did not  
come nearer than three inches to  
the wheat, which destroyed all the  
weeds, and allowed the air to pen-  
etrate to the roots. The three feet  
spaces were treated the same as  
fallows, and were thoroughly turn-  
ed every way, and exposed to the  
air up to the time when the wheat  
met over the three-foot intervals.  
After the crop was cut, the three-  
feet fallowed spaces were dibbled  
with wheat, and the part which  
bore the wheat in its turn remain-  
ed fallow.

This will show how necessary it  
is to subject land to a proper work-  
ing, and that when persons hear  
the frequent admonition to drain,  
dig deep and often, and they neglect  
the injunction, they incur a  
more serious loss than they may  
at first imagine.

**THE ACTION OF LIME ON SOILS  
AND PLANTS.**—The action of lime is  
twofold; first physical, and second  
chemical. As a mechanical agent  
it opens stiff clays, rendering them  
friable, mellow and more easily  
worked; chemically, it acts upon  
the vegetable matter of the soil and  
sets free those stores of valuable  
substances which, without the ac-  
tion of this agent, must have re-  
mained inert and useless. It also  
enters directly into the composi-  
tion of plants, and in many varie-  
ties forms a large proportion of the  
weight of their inorganic constitu-  
ents. It neutralizes certain acids  
which are often present in soils,  
rendering them useful to vegeta-  
tion instead of being positively in-  
jurious, which they are in their  
original state. The existence of  
water in the soil, however, affects  
the action of lime very considera-  
bly. If the land is wet and un-  
drained, lime will not exert the  
same influence it would do in the  
case of thoroughly drained land.  
A greater quantity of lime is ne-  
cessary to produce a given effect,  
and thus the neglect of thorough  
drainage entails a considerable  
greater expenditure in liming,  
than would have been necessary, if  
the land was either naturally or  
artificially dry.

"The candles you sold me last  
were very bad," said Suet, to a  
tallow-chandler.  
"Indeed, sir, I am sorry for  
that."  
"Yes, sir; do you know they  
burnt to the middle, and would  
then burn no longer."  
"You surprise me; what, sir,  
did they go out?"  
"No, sir, no; they burnt short."

**Editing a Newspaper.**

Editing a paper is a very pleas-  
ant business, says an exchange.—  
If it contains too much political  
matter, people won't have it; and  
if it contains too little, they won't  
have it. If the type is large, it  
don't contain enough reading mat-  
ter; and if the type is small, they  
can't hardly read it. If we pub-  
lish a few jokes, people say that  
we are nothing but a rattle brain-  
ed fellow; if we omit jokes, then  
we are an old fossil. If we insert  
an article which pleases the ladies,  
men become jealous; and if we  
do not cater to the wishes of the  
fair sex, the paper is not fit to come  
in their houses. If we remain  
in our office and attend to busi-  
ness, folks say we are too proud  
to mingle with our equals; and if  
we go out among the people, they  
accuse us of neglecting business,  
and wasting time from the profit-  
able employment of working for  
their benefit. If we do not pay  
all bills promptly, some folks say  
that we are not to be trusted; and  
if we do pay on demand, others  
accuse us of stealing the money. If  
we abuse the administration, folks  
say we are too reckless; and if  
we speak well of any act of the  
ruling powers, they think we are  
not "sound on the goose." What-  
ever an editor may do, persons are  
always ready to find fault, and  
swear they could beat him all to  
pieces at his own calling. Hence,  
it is decidedly pleasant, agreeable  
work. But among all the grum-  
blers it has been our fortune to  
encounter, the man who never  
pays for his paper is the worst.—  
In fact, since we come to think of  
it, subscribers who pay in advance,  
never annoy us in this ridiculous  
fashion, and are generally ready  
to make due allowance for all  
shortcomings.

**FEMALE INFLUENCE.**—How often  
have I seen a company of men,  
who were disposed to be riotous,  
checked all at once into decency  
by the accidental entrance of an  
amiable woman; while her good  
sense and obliging deportment  
charmed them at least into a tem-  
porary conviction, that there is  
nothing so beautiful as female ex-  
cellence, nothing so delightful as  
female conversation. To form the  
manners of men, nothing contrib-  
utes so much as the caste of the  
women they converse with. Those  
who are most associated with wo-  
men of virtue and understanding,  
will be always found the most  
amiable characters. Such society,  
beyond everything else, rules off  
the protrusions that give to many  
an ungracious roughness; it pro-  
duces a polish more perfect and  
more pleasing than that which is  
received from a general commerce  
with the world. This last is often  
spacious, but commonly superfi-  
cial; the other is the result of gen-  
tle feelings and a more elegant in-  
humanity; the heart itself is mould-  
ed, and habits of undisssembled  
courtesy are formed.

**A RAP AT THE GIRLS.**—An Oma-  
ha lecturer thus discussed the ques-  
tion the other night:  
"Twenty years ago, the ladies  
were their own dress makers, and  
how beautiful they looked to the  
brave men who then courted them.  
Then they wore no hoops, no  
switches, no anything, but were  
just as God made them. A lover  
could then tell whether his love  
weighed 100, 80 or 75 pounds;  
could tell at a glance what she was.  
But now they could not tell whether  
the girl was made by the dress-  
maker or by God; they looked  
her over, and were not sure she  
was not half cotton; touched her  
head, and didn't know whether  
they felt nature's hair or a mus-  
ty water-fall. Twenty years ago,  
we were all better, looked better,  
and were better Christians. We  
had progressed for the worse, and  
as we continued, so would the boys  
follow."

**WOULDN'T BUT WAS.**—A few  
nights since an honest young me-  
chanic called on a lady acquaint-  
ance and requested her to accom-  
pany him to the circus. She flat-  
ly refused, saying she would not  
be caught at such a place for the  
world. A "nice" young man af-  
terwards called and made the same  
request which was granted, and  
things passed off merrily until the  
cavass was reached, when the  
young man said to her, "hand me  
your money and I'll buy your  
ticket." Astounded lady had for-  
gotten her purse, and the couple  
were on the eve of returning when  
the first party stepped up, paid for  
their tickets, and trotted them in.  
[Columbus Sun.]

**READING brewers have put  
down good lager beer at nine dol-  
lars a barrel.**

**A BACHELOR'S DEFENCE.**—Who  
is petted to death with marriage-  
able daughters? The bachelor.

Who is invited to tea and even-  
ing parties, and told to drop in  
just when it is convenient? The  
bachelor.

Who lives in clover all his days,  
and when he dies has flowers  
strewn on his grave by the girls  
who could not entrap him? The  
bachelor.

Who goes to bed early because  
time drags heavily with him? The  
married man.

Who gets a scolding for picking  
out the softest part of the bed, and  
for waking up the baby in the  
morning? The married man.

Who has wool to split and  
marketing to do, the young ones  
to wash, and the lazy servant to  
look after? The married man.

Who is taken up for whipping  
his wife? The married man.

Who gets divorces? The mar-  
ried man.

**A French physician states that  
the fashion of wearing high heeled  
shoes "has produced distinct dis-  
eases not only of the distorted foot,  
but of the body." As the frame is  
thrown permanently into an un-  
natural position, it affects the spine,  
and as it is a question of balancing,  
nervous irritation sometimes oc-  
curs. You see by the expression  
of the face how much a woman  
suffers who has walked about or  
even stood in high-heeled boots."**

**The new Lord Mayor of Lon-  
don is a type founder. Romulus  
was a founder also, but his line  
was the Roman capital, whereas  
Besley is more of the Old English  
type.**

**It is stated that John C. Breck-  
inridge is about to take editorial  
charge of one of the Lexington,  
Kentucky, newspapers.**

**Why is an old maid like a dried-  
up lemon? Because she ought to  
have been squeezed but wasn't.**

**Domestic Recipes.**

**Washington Cake.**—One cup of  
sugar, one cup of flour, two eggs,  
two table-spoonsful soda. Bake in  
two tins and put jelly between—  
flavor with lemon.

**Delicious Dressing for Roast  
Fowls.**—Spread pieces of stale  
but tender wheaten bread liberally  
with butter, and season rather  
high with salt and pepper, working  
them into the butter; then dip the  
bread in wine, and use it in as  
large pieces as is convenient to  
stuff the bird. The delicious fla-  
vor which the wine gives is very  
penetrating, and it gives the fowl  
a rich, gamey character, which is  
very pleasant.

**To Prepare Tripe for the Ta-  
ble.**—Take a kettle of hot water,  
nearly boiling, put in a piece of  
salsoda the size of a walnut, cut  
your tripe in small pieces, put one  
piece in at a time, and let it re-  
main about five minutes, or longer,  
until it will scrape off easy; clean,  
soak in salt and water two days,  
and scrape each morning, it will  
be ready for cooking. Boil till  
well done.

**Paste for Ready Use.**—Mucilage  
made of gum arabic is good  
for many purposes, but rather cost-  
ly. A cheap kind, and better  
adapted for pasting unsized paper,  
is made of gum tragacanth. A  
few cents worth may be procured  
of a druggist and will last a year.  
Place a stratum of the gum half  
an inch thick in the bottom of the  
bottle and fill